An exposicyon vpon the .lj. Psalme.

made by Hierom of Ferrarye

¶ Imprynted in Parys the yere of our Lorde

1538

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¶ An exposition after the maner of a contemplacyon vpon ỳ. li. psalme called Miserere mei Deus.

Las wretche that I am/ comfortiesse & forsaken of all men/ which haue offended both heuen and earth. whether shall I go? or whether shall I turne me? To whom shall I flye for socoure? Who shall haue pytye or compassyon on me? vnto heuē dare I not lifte vp myne eyes/ for I haue greuously synned agaynst it. And in ỳ earthe can I fynde no place of defence/ for I haue bene noysom vnto it. What shall I nowe do? shall I despayre? God forbyd. full mercyfull is god/ and my sauiour is meke & louyng/ therfore only God is my refuge he wyll not despyse his creature neither forsake his owne ymage. Vnto the therfore most meke & mercifull god come I all sad & sorowfull for ỳ onely art my hope/ & thou art onely the coure of my defence. But what shall I say vnto ỳ/ syth I dare not lyft vp myne eyes? I wyll poure oute ỳ wordes of sorowe/ I wyll hartelye beseche ỳ

for

for mercye & wyll saye. Haue mercy vpon me (oh god) accordynge to thy greate mercye.

God whiche dwellest in lyghte þ no man can attayne/ God whiche art hid & canst not be sene w bodely eyes/ nor comprehended w ony vnderstōdynge þ euer was made/ nether expressed with þ tongues of men or angels. My God/ þ which art incōprehensible do I seke/ þ which canst not be expressed do I call vpon what thinge so euer þ art/ which art in euery place. I knowe that þ art þ most hye & excellēt thyng/ yf þ be a thynge/ & not rather þ cause of all thynge/ yf I may so call the\ for I fynde no name by þ whiche I maye name or expresse thyne inenarrable maieste. God (I saye) whiche art all thynges þ are in the/ for þ art euen thyne owne wysdō/ thy power & thy moste glorious selfcyte. Seynge therfore þ thou art mercyfull/ what art thou but euen þ very mercy it selfe? And what am I/ but very myserye? Beholde therfore o god whiche art mercye/ beholde myserye is before the/ what shalt þ do mercye? truely thy worke/ cāst thou do otherwyse then thy nature is? And what is thy worke verely to take awaye mysery/ & to lyfte vp them þ are in wretched condicyon/ therfore haue mercy on me oh god. God I saye/ whiche art mercye take awaye my mise

ry/

ry/take awaye my synnes/for they are myne extreme miserye. Lyfte vp me which am so miserable/ shew thy worke in me & exercyse thy power vpon me. One depth requireth a nother\ ỹ depthe of myserye requireth ỹ depthe of mercye. The depthe of synne axeth ỹ depthe of grace & fauoure. Greater is ỹ depthe of mercy then ỹ depthe of miserye. Let therfore ỹ one depth swalow vp the other. Let ỹ botõlesse depthe of mercye swalow vp the profoundе depthe of myserye.

¶ Haue mercy on me oh God according to thy greate mercye. Not after ỹ mercye of men which is but small/but after thine owne mercye whiche is greate/which is vnmesurable/ which is incõprehẽsible/which passeth all synnes without comparison. Accordynge to that thy greate mercy wherwith ỹ whiche thou hast so loued ỹ world/ỹ thou woldest geue thyne only sonne. what mercye can be greater? what loue can be more. Who can despayre? who shulde not haue good confidence? God was made man & crucyfied for men. Therfore haue mercye on me oh god accordynge to this thy greate mercye by the whiche ỹ hast geuẽ thy sonne for vs/by whiche (throughe hym) ỹ haste taken awaye ỹ synne of ỹ worlde/ by whiche (through his crosse) thou haste lyghtened all

men/by whiche (through hym) thou hast re-
dressed all thynges in heuen & erth. Wash me
(oh lorde) in his bloude/lyghte me in his hu-
milite/redresse me in his resurrection. Haue
mercye on me oh god not after thy small mer
cy\for þ is but thy small mercy (in cõparison)
when þ helpest men of theyr bodely euylles/
but it is greate when thou forgeuest synnes/&
dost eleuate men by thy fauoure/aboue þ top
pe of þ erth. Euen so lorde haue mercye on
me accordinge to this thy greate mercye/that
þ turne me vnto the/þ þ put out my synnes/&
þ thou justifie me by thy grace & fauoure.

And accordinge to the multitude of thy com
passions wype awaye myne iniquyte.

Thy mercy lorde is the habundãce of thy
pytye\by þ whiche thou lokest gentely on þ
poore & wretched. Thy cõpassions are þ wor-
kes/& processes of thy mercy. Marie Magda
lene came vnto thy fete /good Jesu/ she was-
shed thẽ w̃ her teares & wyped thẽ w̃ her he-
re/ thou forgauest her & sendest her awaye in
peace/ this was lorde one of thy cõpassions.
Petre denyed the & forsoke the w̃ an othe/ þ
lokedste vpon hym & he wepte bitterly/thou
forgauestе hym & madeste hym one of þ chyef
amonge thyne Apostles/this was lorde a no
ther of thy compassiõs. The thefe on þ crosse

was

was saued wͭ one worde. Paule in ẏ furious wodnes of his persecutiō was called & by & by fulfylled wͭ ẏ holy ghoste / these are lorde thy compassions. The tyme shulde fayle me yf I sholde numbre all thy merciable compassions for loke how many ryghtwyse men there be / & so many at thy godly compassions. There is none that can glorye in hym selfe. Let them all come that at ryghtwyse other in erth / or in heauē / & let vs axe thē before ẏ whether they be saued by theyr owne power and vertue. And surely all they wyll answere wͭ one herte & one mouthe sayenge Not vnto vs Lorde not vnto vs / but vnto thy name geue all ẏ prayse / for thy mercy & for thy truthes sake. For they in theyr owne swerde possessed not the lande / & theyr owne arme or power saued them not / but thy right hande & thyne arme & the lyghtēing of thy countenañce for thou delytedste in thē / ẏ is / they are not saued for theyr owne deseruinges / lest ony man shold boste him selfe but because it pleased the so to be. whiche thynge ẏ prophet doth also more expreslye witnesse of the when he sayth: he saued me because he wolde haue me. Sith therfore that thou art the same god with whom is no alteration or variablenesse / neyther art thou chañged vnto darkenesse: and we thy creatures as well as

our fathers whiche were borne vnder cõcupis-
cence synners as well as we\and syth there is
but one mediator & atonemẽte betwene god &
man that is Christ Jesus which endureth for-
euer/why doste thou not poure on thy plen-
tuous compassions vpon vs/as well as thou
dideste vpon our fathers? hast thou forgotẽ vs
or are we only synners? dyd not Christe dye for
vs? Are all thy mercies spent & none lefte?

O Lorde our God I desyre & hertely beseche
the/to put out myne iniquite accordyng vnto
the multitude of thy compassions. For many
ye infinite are thy cõpassions/that accordinge
(I saye) to the multitude of thy cõpassions ỹ
vouchsafte to quench my synne: that as thou
hast drawen & receyued innumerable synners
& haste made them ryghtuous/euen so ỹ thou
wylte drawe & take me & make me ryghtwyse
througe thy grace and fauour/therfore acco-
dynge to the multytude of thy compassions/
wype awaye myne iniquyte. Clense and puri-
fye myne herte that (after all myne iniquyte
is put out and all my vnclennesse clensed) it
maye be as a clene table in the whiche the fyn
ger of God may wryte the lawe of his loue
and charite with the whiche can none iniqui
te continue.

Yet

Yet wasshe me more from myne iniquite, and clense me from my synne.

¶ I graunte & knowlege oh Lorde thou hast ones put out myne iniquite thou hast put it out agayne & haste washed me a thousande tymes/how be it yet washe me frō myne iniquite/for I am fallen agayne. Doste thou vse to spare a synfull man vntyll a certeyne numbre of his synne/whiche when Peter enquyred/ how often shall my brother offende agaynst me & I shall forgyue hym/whether seuen tymes? thou answeredste: I saye not seuen tymes but seuētye tymes seuen tymes takynge that certeyne numbre for an infinite numbre. Sith then that a man must forgeue so often shalt thou in pardonyng and forgeuenes be passed of a man? is not God more then man? ye rather God is the great lorde/& euery man lyinyng is nothynge but all vanyte. And only god is good and euery man a lyar/ hast thou not sayed. In what houre so euer the synner doth repent I wyll not remembre any of his iniquyties? Beholde I a synner do repente and morne for myne olde preuy sores festred within/& now ar they broken forth for myne owne folyshnesse. I am depressed and sore broken/I walke in continuall mornynge/I am feble and very weake/I roored for the sorowe

of myne herte. Lorde all my desyres are before the & my sorowfull syghes ar not vnknowne vnto the. Myne herte trembleth & panteth for sorow/ my strēgth fayleth me and euen ẏ very syghte of myne iyes cease from theyr office. Wherfore then oh Lorde doste thou not put awaye myne iniquite? And yf thou put it out accordinge to the multytude of thy mercyes/ yet washe me from myne iniquite. For yet am I not perfeytly purefyed/ finisshe thy worke/ take awaye the hole offence & also the payne that is due vnto ẏ crime/ encrease thy lyght w̄ in me. Kendle myne herte with thy loue & cherite/ put out al feare/ for perfayte loue sendeth awaye feare. Let the loue of the worlde/ ẏ loue of the flesshe/ the loue of vayne glorye/ & ẏ loue of my selfe vtterly departe fro me/ yet styll more & more wash me from myne iniquite by the which I haue offended agaynst my neighbour and clense me from my synne that I haue committed agaynst god. I wolde haue ẏ put away not only the faute & payne that foloweth it/ but also the occasion & nouryshment of synne. Washe me I saye with the water of thy gracyous fauoure/ with water of which he that drinketh shall not thyrst for euer/ but it shall be made in hym a fontayne of lyuynge water runnynge in to euer lastynge lyfe. Washe me

with

with the confortable waters of thy holye scri-
ptures that I maye be numbred among them
vnto whom thou saydest. Now are ye clene for
my wordes which I haue spoken vnto you.
Johñ. xv.

For I knowlege myne iniquyte, and my syn-
ne is euer before myne eyes

¶ Although through ỹ beholding of thy mer
cy and cõpassions I may be bolde to flye vnto
the oh lorde\ yet wyll I not come as ỹ Phari
se whiche prayed not/ but rather prayse hym
selfe/ & despised his neighboure/ but I come
vnto the as the publican Lu. xviij. which durst
not lyfte vp his eyes vnto heauen. For I also
do knowlege myne iniquite/ & whyles I pon-
dre my synnes I dare not lyfte vp myne eyes/
but humblynge my selfe with the publicane
I saye: God be mercyfull to me a synner. My
soule wauereth betwene hope & feare & some-
me for the feare of my synnes (whiche I feale
& knowlege to be in me) I am ready to despay
re/ somtyme through the hope of thy mercy/
I am lyfted vp & conforted. Neuertheles be-
cause that thy mercy is greater then my mise
ry I wyll euer lorde truste in the & wyll synge
oute thy plentuous compassions for euer. For
I knowe that thou desyrest not the deathe of
a synner/ but rather that he were conuerted &

that

that he wolde knowlege his iniquites & forsake his synne / & so come to the þ he maye lyue.

¶ My god graunte me that I maye lyue in the / for I knowlege my wycked nesse / I know what a greuous burthen it is / how copious & how ieoperdious. I am not ignorannt of it / I hide it not but set it euen before myne eyes / þ I maye washe it with my teares and knowlege vnto þ Lorde myne vnryghtwysnesse agaynste my seike. And also my synne which I haue proudly done agaynste the / is euer agaynst me: and therfore it is agaynste me / because I haue synned agaynst the: & it is truly against me / for it is euen against my soule / & accuseth me euer before the my iudge & condempneth me euer & in euery place: and it is so agaynste me that it is euer before my face / & stondeth but agaynst me that my prayer maye not perce through vnto the / that it myght take thy mercy fro me / & hynder thy mercye that it can not come at me: therfore do I tremble and therfore do I morne beseechyng thy mercy. Therfore (oh Lorde) as thou hast gyuen this grace vnto me to knowe my wickednesse and to bewayle my synne: euē so accomplysh this thy benevolence gyuynge me a perfayte fayth / & drawynge me vnto thy sonne which hath made a full satisfaccion for all my synnes. Geue me Lorde this precious

gyfte

gyfte for euery good gyfte/and euery parfeyte gyfte is from aboue comyng from the father of lyght.

Against the only haue I synned,and haue done that which is cryll in thy syght,that thou mayst be iustefied in thy wordes,and mayst haue the victorie when thou art iudged.

¶ I haue ouermoch sinned vnto the alone\for thou cõmaundedst me that I sholde loue ꝑ for thy selfe/& sholde loue al creatures for thy sake. But I haue loued a creature more then the/louynge it euẽ for it selfe. What is synne/but to loue a creature for it selfe? & what is that/but to do agaynst the? Surely he that loueth a creature for it selfe maketh that creature his God. And therfore haue I synned agaynste ꝑ onely/for I haue made a creature my god. So haue I caste the awaye/and haue ben iniurious only to the/for I haue not offended agaynste ony creature in that I haue set my truste or confidence in it. For it was not cõmaunded me that I sholde loue ouy creature for it selfe. Yf thou haddest cõmaunded me ꝑ I sholde haue loued an aungell onely for hym selfe/and I had loued mony for it selfe/then no doubte I had offended agaynst the aungell. But syth ꝑ thou only art to be loued for thy selfe (ꝑ is to say without ony respect other of good or ryul)

and

& euery creature is to be loued in the & for thy sake. Therfore haue I surely offended onely agaynst the\ for I haue loued a creature for it selfe.

¶ But yet haue I worse done/for I haue synned euen in thy syght. I was nothing aschamed to synne before thy face. Oh mercifull god how many synnes haue I done in thy syght/ which I wolde in no wyse haue done before mortal mē/ yea þ I wolde not in ony case that men sholde knowe I feared men more then þ for I was blinde & loued blyndnes\ & so did I nether se nor ones cōsidre the. I had only flesh ly eyes/therfore did I only feare & loke on mē whiche are flesh. But thou lokedst on all my synnes & numbred them/therfore I can nether hyde them from the\ nether turne my backe & flye from thy face.

¶ Whether shall I go from thy spirite & whether shall I flye from thy face? what shall I thē do? whether shall I turne me? whome shall I synde to be my defender? who I praye you but the my god? who is so good? who is so gētle who is so mercyfull? for thou passest without comparison all creatures in gentlenesse. It is one of thy chyefest propertyes to forgeue & be mercifull/ for throughe mercy and forgeuenesse thou dost most declare thy almyghtynesse.

I gr

I grant lorde ẏ I haue offended only agaynst the/and haue done that whiche is euyl in thy syght. Haue mercy therfore on me and expresse thy puyssaunce in me ẏ thou mayst be iustified in thy wordes/for thou hast sayde: that thou camest not to call ẏ rightwise/but synners vnto repentaũce. Iustefie me lorde accordyng to thy wordes: call me\receyue me/and gyue me grace to do true workes of repentaunce. For this cause wast thou crucyfied\deade and buryed. Thou saydest also: Johñ. iij. when I am lyfted vp from of the earth/I wyll drawe all vnto my selfe. verefie thy wordes/draw me after ẏ let vs/runne to gether in the swetenesse of thyne oyntmentes. Besydes that thou saydeste Math. xi. Come vnto me all ye ẏ laboure and are laden/and I wyl ease you. Loo I come vnto the laden with synnes/labourynge day and nyght in the sorow of myne harte refresh and ease me lorde that thou mayste be iustefied and proued true in thy wordes/& mayste ouercome when thou art iudged/for there are manye that saye: he shall haue no socoure of his god. God hath forsaken hym. Ouercome lorde these parsones when thou arte thus iudged of them and forsake me not at any tyme. Gyue methy mercye and holesome socoure/& then are they vaynqueshed.

¶ Th

¶ They saye / ꝑ thou wylt haue no mercye on me / & ꝑ thou wilte cast me clene out of thy fauoure & no more receyue me. thus art ꝑ iudged of men / and thus do men speake of the / & these are theyr determinations / but thou why the arte meke & mercyfull haue mercy on me and ouercome theyr iudgementes / shewe thy mercy on me & let thy godlye pvtye be prayfed in me. Make me a vessell of thy mercye / ꝑ thou mayste be iustefied in thy wordes & haue the victorye when men do iudge the / for men do iudge the to be fierce & inflexible. Ouercome theyr iudgement with meknes & benuolence / so that men may learne to haue cõpassion on synners / and that malefactours may be enflamed vnto repentaunce / sayng in me thy pvtye and mercye.

Lo I was fashoned in wyckednes, and my mother conceiued me polluted with synne.

¶ Beholde not lorde the grieuousnes of my synnes / consydre not the multitude / but loke mercifully on me whiche am thy creature. Be membre that I am dust / & that all flesche is as wyther'd hay / for lo I am fashoned in wickednes & in synne hath my mother cõceiued me. My naturall mother (I saye) hath conceiued me of cõcupiscẽce / & in hir am I polluted with originall synne. What is originall synne / but

ꝑ lat

ẏ lacke of originall iustice ⁊ of ẏ ryght ⁊ pure innocency which man had at his creacyon? therfore a man conceiued ⁊ borne in suche synne is hole croked ⁊ out of frame. The fleshe coueteth agaynst ẏ spirit. Reason is slender/the wyl is weake/man is fraile & like vanitie/his sences deceiue him/his ymaginacyon fayleth him/his ignorañce leadeth him out of ẏ ryght way/& he hath infinite impedimentes which plucke hym frome goodnes & dryue him into euyll. Therfore oryginall synne is ẏ rote of al synnes & the nurse of all wickednesse. for all be it ẏ in euery mã of their owne nature it is but one synne yet in power it is all synnes. Thou seyste therfore Lorde what I am/ & of whẽce I am/for in origynall synne (which conceyueth all synnes & iniquites in it) am I fasshoned/& in it hath my mother conceaued me/syth then I am hole in synnes / & enuyroned with snares on euery side howe shall I escape? for what I wolde that do I not/ but the euyl that I wolde not that do I. For I fynde a nother lawe in my membres rebellynge agaynste the lawe of my mynde and subduynge me vnto the lawe of synne and deth. Therfore the more frayle & entangled thy godly beneuolẽce seeth me/so much the more let it lyst vp ⁊ confort me/who wolde not pytye one that is syke? who wholde

not ha

not haue compassion on hym that is dyseased
Come come swete Samaritane\ and take vp
the wounded and halfe drade/cure my woun-
des/poure in wyne and olye/ set me vpon thy
beest/bringe me vnto the hostry/committe me
vnto the hoste/take out two pences saye vnto
hym/what so euer thou spendest aboue this/
when I come agayne I wyll recōpence the.

Lo thou hast loued truth, the vnknowne and
secrete thynges of thy wysdome, hast thou vt-
tered vnto me.

¶ Come most swete Samaritane/for behol-
de thou haste loued truthe/the truthe I saye
of thy promyses whiche thou hast made vnto
mankynde/them haste thou truly loued: for
thou haste made and kepte them/ so that thy
loue is nothynge els but euen to do good for
in thyselfe thou art inuariable & immutable/
thou vsest not now to loue & anon not to loue
(as men do) neyther doth thy loue so come &
go. But thou art suche a louer as dothe nei-
ther chaūge for thy loue is very god. Thy loue
therfore wherwith thou louest a creature/ is
to do it good/ and whom thou most louest to
them art ꝑ moste beneficyall. Therfore what
meaneth that thou louest truthe/ but that of
thy gracious mercy thou makest vs promyses
& fulfyllest them for thy truthes sake. Thou

dydest

bydest promyse vnto Abrahā a sonne when he was aged/thou fulfilledst thy promyse in olde and bareyn Sara/because thou louedst truth. Thou promisedst vnto the chyldren of Israell a lande that flowed with milke & honye/ & at the last didest geue it thē for thy truthes sake. ¶ Thou madest a promyse to Dauid sayenge I shall set vp thy seate regall one of the frute of thy bodye. and it came euē to passe\because thou woldest be founde true. There are other inumerable promises in which thou hast euer bene faithfull/because thou louedst truthe. Thou haste promysed to synners which wyll come vnto the/forgyuenesse & fauour/ & thou hast neuer defrauded man/for thou hast loued truthe. That vnthryftye Sonne Lu.xv.that toke his iourney in to a farre coūtre & wasted all his goodes with royatous lyuinge/when he came to hym selfe/ he retourned vnto the sayenge: Father I haue synned agaynst heuen & before the/now am I not worthye to be called thy sonne/make me as one of thy hyred ser nauntes. When he was yet a greate waye of/ thou sawest hym & haddest cōpassion on hym/ & rannest vnto hym/fallynge vpon his necke/ & kyssinge hym/thou broughtest forth the best garment/& puttest a rynge on his fynger/and showes on his fete/ thou kylledst that fatted

calfe / and madest all the house mery / sayeng: Let vs eate & be mery / for this my sonne was deade and is alyue agayne / he was lost and is now founde.

¶ Why dydest thou all this Lorde god? sure lye because thou louedst truth. Loue therfore (O father of mercyes) this truthe in me / which returne vnto the from a far cuntre turne towardes me and geue me a hys of thy mouth / geue me those cheke garmentes / draw me in to thy house / kyll that fatted calfe that all which truste in the maye reioyse in me / and lette vs eate together in spirituall feastes. Oh Lorde wylte thou exclude me alone / and wylte thou not kepe this truth vnto me? yf thou shuldest loke narowly on our wyckednesse / o Lorde. Lorde who myght abyde the? But Lorde thou wylte not be soo strayte vnto vs / for thou louest truth: ye and that with a feruent & incomprehensyble loue.

¶ Whiche is the truth that thou so louest? is it not thy sonne that sayde Joh̄. xiiij. I am ỹ waye / truth / and lyfe? he is the very truthe / of whom all truthe is named in heauen and in earthe / this is it that thou haste loued / & in it only haste thou delyted for thou dydeste fynde it pure & without spotte / & woldeste that it shulde dye for sinners. Kepe therfore (oh god)

this

this truthe / beholde I am a greate synner in whome thou mayste kepe it / to whome thou mayst forgeue many sinnes / whome thou mayste purifye in the bloude of thy Christe / and whome thou mayste redeme through his passyon / why (oh Lorde) hast thou geuē me this knowlege of thy sonne / and this fayth of hym? Because I shulde se my redempcyon & not to attayne it that I might by that meanes be the more vexed with sorowe? God forbyd. But rather that I maye perceyue the remissyon of my synnes purchased by Christes bloude / and so by his grace maye obteyne it. Purge me therfore & redeme me oh Lorde (for þ hast vttered vnto me þ vnknowne & secret poyntes of thy wysdome) that this knowlege maye helpe me & bringe me vnto health / for truely þ philosophers neuer knewe these thinges / they were vnknowne vnto thē / yea & vtterly hyd frō them. And no man knewe these thynges (excepte a fewe whom þ louedst entyerely) before thy sonnes incarnacyō. ¶ The most curious serchers of the worlde (I meane the whyse men of this worlde) lyfted vp their eyes aboue heuē & yet coulde not fynde this thy wysdō / for þ hast hid these thinges from the wyse & prudente / & haste opened them vnto babes / that is / to hūble fyshers & thy holy prophetes which also haue

vttered them vnto vs. And so hast thou vttered the vnknowne and secrete thynges of thy wysdom & of thy scriptures vnto me/why do I knowe them in vayne? I knowe theym surely in vayne if they profyt me not vnto myhelth & saluacion. For the philosophers when they knewe God by his meruelous creatures they glorysied hym not as God neither were thankefull/but vered full of vanities in their imaginacyons and their foolysshe hertes were blynded. Whē they counted thē selues wyse/they became foles. Wyll thou suffer me Lorde to be of their numbre? God forbyd. For thou arte euen mercye it selfe which doth neuer vtterly forsake any man. Fauoure therfore Lorde/fauour/& spare thy seruaunt/& commaūde hym to be of the nnmbre of thy babes/that the vnknowne secretes of thy wysdom whiche thou haste opened to hym maye leade hym vnto ꝑ fountayne of wysdome whiche is on hye/that thou mayste be prayed in the worke of thy mercye/whiche thou doste exercyse towardes thy seruaunte (Lorde) whiche neuer forsakest them that truste in the.

Sprynkle me Lorde with ysope and so shall I be clene, thou shalt washe me, and then shall I be whytter then snowe.

Because Lorde that thou haste loued the truthe

truthe/& haste opened vnto me the vnknowne secretes of thy wysdom/I am well counfor ted & I trust that thou wylt not cast me out of thy fauoure/but thou wylte sprynkle me with ysope and so shall I be clensed. Ysope is a lowe herbe/it is hote & of a good sauour/whiche sig nyfieth nothynge els/but thy onely sonne our lord Jesu Christ/which humbled hym self vn to deth: euen vnto ye deth of the crosse. Which with the hete of his feruent charite loued vs/ and washed vs from our synnes in his bloude. Which with the redolent sauoure of his bene uolence & rygh tuousnes replenyshed the hole worlde. Therfore with this ysope shalte thou sprynkle me/whē thou poureste vpon me the vertue of his bloude: when Chryste thrughe fayth shall dwell in me: when thrughe lowe I am ioyned with hym: when I shall countrefay te his humilyte & passion/ then shall I be clen sed frome all myne vnclēnes Then shalte thou washe me with myne owne teares which flo we out of the loue of Christ/thē shall I syghe vntyll I be wetye/I shall water my bed euery nyght with my teares so that it shall swymme in them/and then shalte thou washe me and I shall be whytter then snowe.

¶ Snowe is whyte & colde/but Lorde yf thou sprynkle me with ysope/I shal be more whiter

then snowe/ for I shall be throughly endued in thy splendēt lyght/whiche passeth all bodely wytnesse. And whē I am enflamed with that lyght/I shall forsake all my carnall concupiscences/colde vnto worldly thynges/and enflamed vnto heuenly.

Unto my hearynge shalte thou geue ioye and gladnes,and my brosed bones shal be refresshed.

Then lorde shall I pray vnto the/erly(that is in the begynnynge of thy lyght) shalt thou heare my voyce: I shall heare what the lorde god shall speake in me/for he shall speake peace for his people and shall geue me peace. Lorde thou shalte geue me peace/for I haue trusted in the/vnto my hearyng shalt thou geue ioy and glagdnesse/when I shall heare that cōfortable wordes that Marie herde And what herde Marie (I speake of that Marie which sate at the fete of Jesus Mat.xxvi) what herde she: Thy fayth hath saued the/go thy wayes in peace. Let me also heare that ỳ these herde: This daye shalte thou be with me in paradyse/then shall I haue ioye for the remissyon of my synnes and gladnesse for thy bounteous and lyberall promyses/shall I not reioyse and be glad/whē thou shalt gyue me two folde for all my synnes: then shall I begynne to taste how swete the lorde is/then shal I lerne to be

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conuersant in heuenly thinges/and shall saye with the prophete: How great and copious is that swetenesse Lorde which thou haste layde vppe for them that feare the. Then shall I reioyse and be glad/and my broised bones shall be refreshed. What are the bones whiche sustayne the flesshe but the powers of our soule and reason that bere vp the frayltie of oure flesshe that he runne not hedlonge in to all vyces that a man fall not hole in to vaute and so cõsume awaye? These bones I saye are sore broised/for the reason is very weake/and the wyll is prone and ready to all mysthyef/ for euen nowe the flesshe obeyeth not reason/but reason muste obaye the flesshe \ so that I can not resyst vyce/for my bones ar broised. And why are they broised? for they haue forsaken the/the fountaine of lyuyng water/and haue dygged for them selues cesterns full of rhynnes/whiche can holde no waters/ for they are not fylled with thy grace withoute whiche no man can lyue well/for without the/we can do nothynge. They trusted in theyr owne power which is no power/and therfore decayed they in theyr owne folysshnesses. Therfore let thy power come (oh Lorde) and then shall these broised bones be refreshed/let thy grace come and that fayth which worketh thzough loue.

Let thy powers & gyftes assyst me/ & then my broked bones shall be refreshed/ for my reason shall be mercy/ my memorye glad & my wyl ful of ioye. And thus shall thei all reioyse/ for aboue they: owne naturall strenghte/ when they goo aboue ony good worke they shall procede and prospere well/ neyther shall they leaue it vnperfeyte but through thy helpe shall they bringe it to good passe and effecte.

Turne thy face from of my sinnes, and wype awaye all my wyckednes.

Why lokest thou lorde vpon my synnes? why numbrest ỹ them? why considerest them so diligẽtlye? dooste thou not knowe that man is euẽ as a floure of the feide. why dooste thou not rather loke in ỹ face of thy Christe? Alas wretche that I am. why se I the angry against me? I graūt I haue synned/ howe be it for thy gentlenesse haue mercye on me. Turne thy face from of my synnes. Thy face is not hynge but thy knowlege/ turne awaye therfore thy knowlege from my synnes. I meane not that knowlege wherwith thou seest & perceyuest all thynges\ but that wherby thou approuest & disalowest all thinges/ wherbye thou alowest the workes of the ryghtwyse/ & condempnest the reprouable synnes of the wycked/ knowe not my synnes on that maner that ỹ woldest

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impute them vnto me and laye theym to my charge. But rather turne awaye thy face frome my synnes/ that throughe thy mercy they may be quenched/ Loke Lord on the creature whom thou haste wroughte/ loke vpon thine owne ymage/ for I poore wrethe haue put vpō me the ymage of the deuyll (that is synne) turne away thy face from the ymage of the deuyll & be not angry with me/ & beholde thyne owne ymage that ꝑ maist haue mercy on me.

¶ O mercyfull Lorde/ remembre that thou lokedste vpon Zacheum whiche dyd clym vp into a wylde figge tre to se the. Lu. xix. And ꝑ entredst in to his house whiche thou woldest neuer haue done if thou haddest loked on the ymage of ꝑ deuyll whiche he had put on hym/ but because thou sawest thyne owne ymage on hym/ thou haddest cōpassion on hym & healedst hym. He promysed to geue the halfe of his goodes to the poore/ & yf he had falsly deceyued ony man to restore it foure folde/ & he obtayned mercy & healthe. And I bequeth my selfe euen hole vnto the nothynge reserued. And promyse to serue the for euer with a pure herte/ & wyll fulfill my promyse all dayes of my lyfe. wherfore then Lorde dost thou not loke in thyne ymage in me also? why dost thou yet consider my synnes? Turne I beseche the

thy

thy face from my synnes and wype awaye all my wyckednes\ wype away all I praye the þ none remayne. For it is wryten/ he þ kepeth the hole lawe and offendeth in one poynte is guilty in the hole/ that is to say/ hath deserued dampnation/ which is the payne of al synnes that leade vnto deathe. Put out therfore all my wyckednesse/ that none offende þ/ why che sholde bryngе me to condempnacyon.

A pure herte create in me oh god, and an vpryghte spiryte make a newe within me.

¶ For my herte hath forsaken me and goeth astraye vtterly forgettyng his owe helthe/ it is wandred in to straūge cuntres & ensueth vanities/ & his eyes/ are in that vtmust costes of the worlde. I called it agayne/ but it answerd me not. It is gone/ lost and solde vnder synne: what now lord? what shall I say? A pure hert create in me god/ an humble hert/ a curteous herte/ a peaceable herte/ a gentle herte/ a deuout herte/ such an herte as wyl nether do an other man hurte/ nether yet auenge hym selfe when he is offended/ but rather do good against euyll/ & suche an hert as wyll loue that abue all thyng/ which wyll thynke of the/ speake of the/ & thanke the/ which wyll delyte in hympnes & spirituall songes/ & be hole conuersaunt in heuenly thyngs. Create this herte in

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me (oh god) create it of no thyng / that it may be of suche effecacite through grace as nature is neuer able to make it. This grace cometh onely from the in to the soule through thy creacyon / it is the beautye of a pure herte / it draweth vnto him all vertue & expelleth al vyce / therfore create in me oh god a pure hert through thy grace / & make a newe and vpryght spirite in my bowels. For thy spirite shall leade me in to a ryghte waye / whiche shal purge me from all erthy affectes \ & shal lyfte me vp vnto heuenlye thynges. The louer & ye thinge that is loued are bothe of one nature. He ye loueth bodelye thinges is wordly: but he that loueth spirituall thinges / is spirituall. Geue me a spirite that maye loue the & worchyppe ye / the most hye spirite: for god is a spirite and they which worchyp him / muste worchyp him in the spirite & verite. Geue me an vpryghte spirite not seking his owne spirite profyt and glorye / but the wyl and glorye of god renwe an vpryghte spirite within me / renwe it / for my synnes haue quenched the first that thou gaueste me. Geue me nowe a newe spirite that it maye redresse that thynge whiche is inueterate / my soule is also a spyryte and so made of the / that of hyr selfe she is ryghte / for of hyr owne nature she loueth the aboue hyr selfe / and despyeth

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all thynges for thy glory / so that hir owne naturall loue is ryght / for it cometh of the but of hir owne frowarde wyll it is inueterate & polluted causyng hir naturall loue to decay. Make newe therfore this spirite & this loue through thy grace that it maye walke in the right waye accordyng to his nature renue it (I say) that it maye euer enflame me with heuenly loue / that it maye euer cause me to syghe vnto the / to embrace the continually and neuer to forsake the.

Caste me not away from thy face, and thy holy ghost take not from me.

Beholde lorde I stande before thy face that I maye fynde mercy / I stonde before thy benigne goodnes lokynge for thy fauorable aunswere / caste me not confused from thy face. who came euer lorde vnto the / & wente away confused? who euer desyred thy fauour / and wente without it. Surelye thou passest in thy aboundante pytye bothe the deseruinges / & also the desyres of the that pray vnto the / for thou gyuest more then men can desyre ye / or vnderstonde whē they haue it. It was neuer herde that thou dydest caste away frome thy face ony mā that euer came vnto the. Shall I oh lorde be the fyrste that shall be caste away frome thy face & vtterly cōfounded? wylt thou begynne at

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me to cõfounde thē that come vnto the? wylt thou neuer more haue mercye & compassyon? god forbydde. The woman of canane folowed the/she cried and made pyteous noyse/she moued the disciples vnto compassion/& thou hyldest thy peace/ she contynued knockynge/she worshypped the & sayd: Lorde helpe me/neyther yet woldest thou answere. Thy disciples entreated for her sayenge: let her go for she crieth after vs. But what was thyn answer Lorde I praye the/what dydst thou answere: forsoothe that she wepte in vayne & laboureth for nought \ for thou saydst ỹ thou wast not sent but vnto the shepe that were perysshed of the house of Israel. What sholde this woman do when she herde these wordes? verely euē dyspeyre as cõcernynge the grace that she requyred: & yet dispeyred she not/but trustinge in thy mercye prayed yet agayne sayeng: Lorde helpe me/vnto whose importunite (Lorde) thou answeredst/it is not good to take the chyldrens breede & caste it to houndes/as thoughe thou sholdest haue geuen her a full answere & sayd: departe from me/you Canaanites ar dogges/ ye are Idolatres/the precious gyftes of heuēly fauour perteyne not vnto you/I ought not to take them away from ỹ iewes which worshyp the true & lyuyng god/ & to geue them to

such

such dogges as ye are whiche worshyp ydols & deuyls. What shalt thou now do thou woman of Canaan? thou maiste nowe be a shamed and gette the away/ for the lorde is angry not with the alone/ but also thy hole nacyon. Oh lorde God/ who wolde not hane bene cōfounde & haue pyked hym away at these thy wordes? who wolde not haue mumbled and grudged agaynst ẏ? who wolde not haue iudged the to be cruell? And yet dyd this womā cōtynne styll in prayer. She cast not away hir confydence/ she toke not these harde wordes heuelye/ she was not angry/ but she humbled hir selfe the more & abode styll in hir peticion & sayde with good fyaunce: It is truthe Lorde that thou sayest/ but I axe no breed/ I axe not the fauoure that the chyldrene sholde haue. I am a lytle whelpe & desyre the cromes which fal from the childrens table. Let them floryshe & abounde with myracles & other gracious fauours/ but let not me be destitue of this crūme of grace/ that my doughter maye be delyuerd frome the fendes possessyō for the whelpes do eate of the crummes which fall from their masters tables. Beholde what faythe/ what trust and what humylyte was in this womau/ therfore thou not dyspleased with her importunate instaunce\ but reioysynge in her excellent con-

constauncye dydst saye. O woman/ great is thy fayth/ be it vnto the as thou wylte. Why are these thynges wrytten lord God: that we may lerne to trust in the/ that we may humbly and deuoutlye contynew in prayer/ for thou wylte geue it yf men be greadye. But the kyngdome of heuen suffereth vyolēce/ and they that make vyolence vnto it/ catche it. for what thynges so euer are wrytten are wrytten for our lernynge that thrughe pacience & comfort of the scrypture we maye haue hope. Caste me not therfore Lorde from thy face/ which stonde weppynge and waylynge daye and nyght before thy face/ not that thou shouldest delyuer me from the bodelye oppressyon of deuylles/ but that thou wylte delyuer my soule from his spirituall power and domnion. Let me not be shamed (O swete Jesu) for in the onely haue I trusted/ I haue no helthe nor cōfort but in the o Lorde: for all haue forsakē me euen my brether ne and chyldrē haue cast me of/ & myn own bowels abhorre me. I haue none other helper but only ȳ/ Cast me not therfore away from thy face/ and take not thy holye spirite from me. There is no man which can say ȳ Jesus is the lorde but ȳ holy ghost/ therfore yf I cal vpon the lorde Jesu/ ȳ do I in the holy ghost. Yf I be sorye for my synnes which

are

are passed/ yf I are forgyuenesse/ this do I verely by the holy ghoste. Therfore I beseche yͤ/ take not fro me thy holye ghoste/ but that it maye be with me/ & laboure with me/ for we wote not what to desyre as we ought to do. But the spirite helpeth our infirmities & maketh intercession for vs/ that is/ maketh vs to praye with suche sorowfull groynges as can not be expressed with toungue/ therfore take not awaye this thy holye spirite fro me/ that he maye teache me to praye/ & helpe me in my laboure & maye cause me to contynue in prayers and teares/ that at the lengthe I may fynde fauoure before thy face/ and maye serue the all dayes of my lyfe.

Make me agayne to reioyse in thy sauynge healthe, and strengthen me with a pryncypall spirite.

It is a great thyng yͤ I desyre o Lord/ how be it sith thou art god a great Lorde/ & kynge ouer all goddes/ he dothe the iniurie which asketh small thynges of the. All transitory & corruptible thynges ar but small in thy syght: but spirituall & euerlastyng thynges are great & precious. Take awaye the spirite & soule frō the booye/ and what remayneth but most vile dunge/ duste & a vayne shadowe: therfore euen so muche difference there is betwene yͤ spirite & the

spirite & the body/as it is betwene the body & his shadowe/so maye I conclude ỳ he whiche asketh bodely thinges asketh but vayne tryfles/but he ỳ desyreth spirituall thinges doth surelye desyre greate thinges/but specially he that desyreth thy saupnge healthe. What is thy saupnge healthe but Iesus thy sonne: whi che is very god & euerlastinge lyfe/why shall I not then aske of the this thy saupour/ syth ỳ art a mpghty and most lyberall father/whiche gauest hym vnto the deathe of ỳ crosse for me. Nowe syth thou hast so offered hym for me/ why shold I be a shamed to aske hym of the: It is a greate and noble presente/neither am I worthy to haue suche a gyfte/how be it/it be co meth thy worthye lyberalite to gyue suche noble gyftes/for this therfore thyne ineffable gentlenes I dare presume to come bodely vnto the & to desyre thy saupnge healthe in whome I mpght fully reioyse.

¶ For yf of his carnall father ony sonne aske fyshe/wyl he reache hym a serpente? An yf he aske an egge/wyll he gyue hym a scorpion? or yf he aske breed/wyll he geue hym a stone? Nowe yf carnal fathers beyng euell & synners wyl geue vnto theyr chyldrē good gyftes whi che they haue receyueth of the: howe moche more thou heuenlye father whiche of thyne

owne substaunce arte good / and wylte geue a good spirite to them that desyre it of the? Beholde thy sonne which is returned from a farre cuntrey sorowyng & repentyng / asketh of ẏ the fyshe of faythe / for as the fyshe lyeth secrete vnter the water / euen so is faythe of suche thynges as are not sene / he asketh I say a true fayth that he may reioyse in thy sauyng helth: wylt thou reach hym a serpent? wylt thou geue hym the venome of vnfaythfulnes which procedeth from the olde & croked serpent the deuyll? I desyre of the o Lorde / the egge of hope that euen as out of an egge we hope for a chyken / so thrugh hope / that ẏ wilte graunte me to come vnto ẏ syghte of thy sauynge healthe / that oute of my hope maye come this holsome syght / as the chycke doth out of the egge I desire the eghe of hope / that my soule throughe hope maye be sustayned in this vale of teares / & may reioyse in thy sauyng helth: wylt ẏ geue me the scorpyon of desperacyon? that as a scorpyon hath poyson in the ende of her tayle \ so I in the laste ende of my lyfe shulde reserue synne / delytynge my selfe aud takynge my pleasure with the entysemẽtes of this worlde: whiche seme beautyful and flateryng / euen as a scorpion doth in the face? I desyre of the also (o Lorde) the breed of Christes charyte by the

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which he doth comunycate hym selfe (euen as breed) vnto all men / that I maye euer reioyse in thy sauynge helthe / wylte thou geue me a stone / that is to saye hardnes of herte? God forbyd. Why shall I then mystrust for to desyre and obteyne great thynges of the o Lorde / seynge thou sturryst me vp & byddest me aske & knocke / euen tyll I seme importunate? And what thynge can I aske whiche thou shalt be better contente with all / or els that sholde be more holsome for me then that thou sholdest make me reioyse in thy sonne our sauyng helthe? ¶ Now haue I tasted how swete ỳ Lord is / how easy and pleasaunt his burthen is. I remembre what peace and tranquylite of mynde I was in / when I ioyed in God / and reioysed in Christe my Lorde and sauyour \therfore am I now in more sorowe / for I knowe what goodnes and commodite I haue loste / therfore wyll I crye more importunatlye: Make me agayne to reioyse in thy sauyng helth / restore me agayne that thyng which my synnes haue lost. Restore me that whiche / through my faute is perished in me. Restore me (I beseche the for his sake that euer is on thy ryghte hande and maketh intercessyon for vs) thy gracious fauoure / that I maye perceyue that throughe hym thou arte pacefyed towardes

me that it may be as a seale vpon my herte / & that I maye saye with the apostle Paule Galath. ii. I am crucyfyed with Christ / I lyue verely / yet now not I / but Chryste lyueth in me. But because my frailtye is greate / strēgth me with a principall spirite that no troubles or afflyccyōs maye seperate me frome Christe that no feare maye cause me to renye the / & that no paynes maye make me slyde from the. My strength is not sufficyent to resyst & fyghte vp that olde serpent & to preuayle agaynst hym. Peter hath taught me how greate our infyrmitye is / he saw the with his bodely yes (Lord Jesu) & was moste familiarlye conuersaunt wt the / he tasted of thy glorye in the mountayne whē thou wast transfygured: he herde the fathers voyce: he sawe thy manyfolde and wonderous workes / yea & throughe thy power dyd hym selfe manye myracles. He walked on his feate vpon ỳ waters / & herde dayly thy myghty & swete wordes: he thought hym selfe moste feruent & hote in the fayth / & sayde ỳ he was ready to go with the / both in to prison & vnto very death. And when thou toldest hym that he shulde denye ỳ he beleued the not: he trusted in his owne strength / & trusted more vnto him selfe beynge but a man / then vnto the beynge very god. But when the hande mayden

sayde

sayde vnto hym. Thou art of the same compa
nye/he was afrayde by & by & denyed it. There
came an other mayde & sayde: Surely ỹ art of
the same sorte: And he denyed the agayne.
¶ He coude not stonde before wemen/ he wo
lde be then haue stonde before kynges & ty
rauntes: And whē he was yet ones more en-
quyred of the bystanders/ & was accused to be
one of his disyples/he began to curse & to swe-
re that he knewe the not/ what thynke you
he sayde I suppose that he sware by god & by
the lawe of Moyses that he knewe the not/
addynge such wordes. Thinke you that I am
the disyple of this Samaritane/which decey
ueth the people/which he is inspireth with the
deuyll/ & destroyeth our lawe: I am the disy-
ple of Moyses/and knowe not frome whence
this felowe is. Blyssed be God that they ce-
sed enquyring any further/ for els wold he ne
uer haue ceased denyenge the/so that a thou-
sande interogacyōs wolde haue made a thou-
sande flatte negacyons: yea a thousande curses
& periuryes/yet were these interogacyons but
wordes. What wolde he haue done (I praye
the) yf they had scourged hym & buffeted hym
well? Truly he wolde haue sought & proued
all meanes/denyenge/ forswerynge/ cursyng
& blasphemyng vntyll ỹ he had escaped theyr

handes. But thou most meke Lorde lokedst backe vpon hym & by & by he knowleged his offence: Neyther yet durste he leape in to the myddes of theym & cōfesse the to be the sonne of God / for he was not yet strengthed with power from aboue/ so that withoute doubte he wolde haue denyed the agayne yf he had sene ony ieoperdye at hāde/therfore as it was moste mete for hym/he went forth and wepte bytterly. But thou after thy resurreciō appearedst vnto hym & confortedst hym/& yet hyd he hym selfe for feare of the Iewes/he sawe the so gloryously ascendyng vnto heuen/and was strengthed by the syghte & cōfort of angelles/ & yet durste he not go abrode/ for he had learned by experience to knowe his owne fragylite/& had proued his weakenesse. Therfore dyd he tarye & wayte for the holy ghost which was promysed. When he was come and had fylled Peters herte with grace/ then lepte he forthe/then began he to speake/& then with great power & signes bare he wytnes of thy resurrectiou. Then feared he neyther the hye preestes nether yet kynges/but reioysed in tribulacions/& receyued ẏ crosse with all myrthe & gladnes. Therfore strengthē me Lorde with a pryncipal spirit/ẏ I may contynually reioyse in thy sauyng helthe/or els can I not beare so

manye

manye assautes agaynst me. The flesshe coue-
teth contrarye to the spirite. The worlde as-
sayleth me on euery syde. The deuyll slepeth
not. Geue me the strēghte of thy spirit þ the-
re maye fall by my syde a thousande and tenne
thousande by my ryghte hande that I may be
a sure & stronge wytnesse of thy layethe/ for þt
Peter whom þ endued ste with so many fauou
rable gyftes/did fal so wretchedlye/ what shol
de I do/ o Lorde/ which haue nether sene thy
naturall presens: nether haue tasted of thy
glory in the mountayne: nether haue sene thy
gracyous myracles: yea and haue scarsely per
ceyued thy meruelous workes/ and haue ne-
uer herde thy voyce/ but haue bene euer sub-
dued vnder synne/therfore strengthe me with
a pryncipall spirite that I may persheuer in thy
seruyce/ & geue my lyfe for thy sake.

I wyll instructe the wycked that they maye
knowe thy wayes, and the vngodly shall be con
uerted vnto the.

¶ Ascribe not this oh Lorde vntopresumpcion
þt I go aboute to teache the vngodly thy way-
es/for I desyre not to teache them as I nowe
am wycked/vngodlye/ & vnder the bondes of
synne/but þt þ make me agayne to reioyse in
thy sauynge healthe: þt thou strengthēme w
a pryncipall spirite: & þt also thou sette me free

then shall I teach ẏ vngodlye thy wayes. Ney
ther is this harde vnto the/whiche of very sto
nes canst rayse vp chyldren vnto Abrahā/ ney
ther can my synnes be impedimēt vnto the yf
thou wylte do this/ bnt rather where synne
is so aboundaūte/there aboundeth grace Pau
le yet brethynge out threarnynges & slaugh-
ter agaynste the discyples of the Lorde recey-
ued cōmyssion that yf he founde ony whether
they were men or women whiche folowed ẏ/
& professed thy fayth/he sholde brynge thē pre
soners to Hierusalem. And forthe was he go-
ynge lyke a mad harebrayn and as rauenynge
wolfe/for to stray a brode/rauysh and kyll thy
shepe. But whylles he was yet in his iourney
euen in ẏ heate of his persecucyō/& in actuall
doynge of his synne/whyles he was persecu-
tynge the/& wolde haue slayne thy chosen/ha
uyng no maner of preparatyue vnto grace/nei
ther yet knowlege of his synne/when Wherr
& wyll he was thyne aduersarie/blasphemed
& cursed the. Beholde the voyce of thy merci-
able pytye vnto hym sayenge: Saule Saule/
why persecuteste me? by the whiche voyce he
was immediatlye bothe layed a longe & raysed
vp: he was laude a longe & ouerthrowne as cō
ceruyng his body/but he was raysed vp with
the mynd/thou raysedste hym vp that was in
the

the slepe of darke ignorancie & poured it in thy glorious lyght in those yeis/ which were oppressed with this blinde sleape: thou shewedst hym thy fauourable face/ & endued hym with thy gracyous mercye Then was he reysed as it had bene frome dethe/ he opened his yeis/ he sawe the & sayd: Lord what wylt thou that I do? and after didest thou send a shepe to this wolfe/ for thou cõmaundest Ananias to go vnto hym. And then was he baptysed & anone was he replenyshed with the holy ghost/ and was made a chosen vessell to beare thy name before kynges/ nations/ & the chyldrẽ of Israel. And without delaye he entred in to the synagoges & preached thy name stoutlye/ affirmynge that thou arte chryste/ he dysputed/ preuayled/ & confounded the Iues. Beholde Lorde euen streyght of a persecutoure/ thou madest hym a preacher & suche a preacher that laboured more then all the other Apostles. O how greate is thy powere/ yf thou wylt of a wycked man make a rightwyse/ or of a persecutoure a preacher/ who shall forbyd the? who shall resyst the? who maye saye vnto the: why doest thou so? All thynges that thou woldest haue thou made in heuen & in erthe/ in the see & in all bottomlesse depth. Therfore impute it not to arrogãcye yf I coueyte thrughe thy power

& not

and not thrugh myne owne to teche the wyc-
ked thy wayes / for I knowe that I can offre
nothynge whiche can be so acceptable in thy
godly syghte/this is the most pleasaunt sacry-
fyce/& also for my singuler profyt/now yf thou
chaũgeme in to an other man/then wyl I tea
che the wycked thy wayes/not the wayes of
Plato & Aristole/not the intrycate & sotle pro
posicyons of mannes wytte/not ẏ instructions
of phylosophye / not the paynted wordes and
vayne coulours of the rethorycãs. Not world-
ly maters and policyes/not vnfrutfull wayes
of vanite/not wayes that leade men in to dea-
the: But thy wayes and thy preceptes which
lead vnto lyfe/ nether wyll I teache them on-
ly one waye but manye wayes / for manye are
thy cõmaundementes/ how be it all these way
es ende in one/that is in loue and charite/whi
che doth so cõbynde the faythful hertes/ that
they haue one mynde and one wyll in God.
Or elles maye we vuderstonde by thy manye
wayes/the dyuers maner of lyuynge/ wherin
euery man walketh accordynge to his vocacy-
on : some maryed / some lyuynge chaste in we-
dowhod/some vyrgyns/& so forth/these wal-
ke after dyuerse wayes in to theyr heuenly in-
herytaũce/euery man chosyng one in the whi
che he may best subdue his rebellyous mẽbres
Thus

Thus wyll I teache the wycked thy wayes/ accordyng to theyr capacyte & condicyon. And the vngodlye shall be conuerted vnto the/ for I wyll preache vnto them not my selfe / but Christ crucifyed: & they shall be conuerted not vnto my prayse/ but vnto the / geuyng the all honour & prayse/ they shall leaue theyr owne wayes & come vnto thyne/ ỳ they may walke in them & so cõsequently attayne vnto the.

Delyuer me frome blondes, oh God, the God of my healthe, and my tongue shall tryumphe vpon the ryghteousnes.

I am styfled in moch blonde/ and frome the depth of it shall I crye vnto the Lorde/ Lorde herken vnto my voyce. Tarye not Lorde for I am euen at the verye poynte of deathe / this blonde that I speake of ar my synnes/ for as ỳ bodelye lyfe consysteth in blonde/ euẽ so is the lyfe of a synner in his synne: poure out ỳ blonde/ and the beaste dyeth: poure out the synne knowlegynge it vnto god/ & the synner dyeth and is made ryghtwyse. Neyther am I wrapped in blonde: but ouerwhelmed and drowned in blondes/ full stremes of blond; do dryue me into hell/ helpe me Lorde leste I perysshe. Oh god whiche gouernest all thinges/ which onely canst delyuer me: in whose hande is ỳ spirite of all lyfe/ ryd & purge me from these blondes

Dely

Delyuer me from bloudes (oh God) the auc-
tor of my healthe/ God in whome onelye cō
fysteth my saluacyon. Delyuer me Lorde/as ꝑ
delyueredst Noe from the waters of ꝑ floude.
Delyuer me as thou delyueredst Lothe frome
the fyer of Sodom. Delyuer me as thou dely
ueredst the chyldrē of Israel frome the depthe
of the red see. Delyuer me as thou delyueredst
Jonas frō the bely of the whale. Delyuer me
as thou delyueredst the thre chyldrē from the
furnace of burnynge fyer. Dylyuer me as thou
delyueredst Peter frome the peryll of the see.
Delyuer me as thou delyueredst Paule from
the depthe of the see. Delyuer me as ꝑ hast de
lyuered infinyte synners frō the power of dea-
the/ & from the gates of hell. And then shall
my tongue tryūphe thy ryghtwysnes/that is/
for thy ryghtwysnes whiche I shall feale and
perceyue in me through thy gracyous fauour.
For thy ryghtwysnes (as Thapostle sayethe
Ro. iij.) cometh by the fayethe of Jesus Christe
vnto all & vpon all them that beleue in hym/
then shall my tongue tryumphe in prayesynge
this thy ryghtwysnes/cōmendynge thy fauou
re/magnyfieng thy pyty/knowlegynge my syn
nes/ꝑ thy mercy may be declared in me which
wold vouchsafe to vnderfye suche a greate syn-
ner/and that al men may knowe that thou sa
uest

uest them which truste in the/ & delyuerest the
from extreme anguysshe & aduersyte O Lorde
our God.

O Lorde open thou my lyppes, and then my
mouth shall shewe forthe thy prayse.

Thy prayse is a great thynge o Lord/ for it
proceadeth out of thy fountayne wherof no
synner drynketh. It is no glorious prayse that
cometh of a synners mouthe\ delyuer me ther
fore from blonde (oh Lorde) ỹ god of my helte
& my tongue shall magnifye thy rygh twysnes.
And then shalte thou Lorde open my lyppes
& my mouth shall shewe forthe thy prayse/ for
thou hast ỹ kaye of Dauid whiche shettest and
no man openeth/ & openest & no man shetteth:
therfore opē thou my lyppes as thou openest
the mouthes of infantes & sucklynges/ out of
whose mouthes ỹ hast stablysshed thy prayse.
These truely were thy Prophetes/ Apostles/
& other sayntes/ which haue praysed the with
a syngle & pure herte & mouth/ & not the Phi
losophers & Oratours/ which haue sayde/ we
wyl magnifie our tongue/ our lyppes be in our
owne powet/ who is our god? They opened
theyr owne mouthes/ & thou openedst them
not/ neyther yet stablysshedst thy prayse out of
theyr mouthes. Thy infauntes Lorde pray-
sed the & delyted them selues. The philoso-

phers

phers went aboute to prayse them selues and magnifye theyr owne name. Thy suckelynges extolled thy fame & glorye whiche they knewe through heuenlye fauour. The philosophers knowyng the only by naturall creatures/ could de neuer perfectlye expresse thy renowne. Thy sayntes magnifyed the with theyr hert/ mouth/ and good workes. The philosophers only with wordes and theyr owne sotle imagy nacyons/ Thy children haue spred thy glorye throughout all the world. The philosophers haue instruct but a few of theyr owne adheren tes. Thy frendes with spredynge thy glorye haue conuerted innumerable men from synne vnto vertue and vnto true felicyte: The phylo sophers nether knewe true vertues/ neyther yet true felycyte. Thy welbeloued haue pre-ached openlye thy bountreous gentlenes & mer-cyable fauoure/ whiche thou shewedst in thy deare sonne vnto all the worlde. But the phy losophers coulde neuer attayne to knowe it. Therfore out of the mouthe of infauntes and suckelynges haste thou stablysshed thy prayse for it haue euer pleased the to exalte the hum ble and bryng lowe the proude/ now seynge thou doste euer resyst the pronde/ geue me true humilite that thou mayste stablysshe thy pray se by my mouth. Geue me a chyldes herte/ for

exce-

excepte I turne backe & become as a chylde/ I can not entre in to the kyngdome of heuen/ make me as one of thy infauntes or suckelynges/ that I maye euer hange on the teates of thy wysdome for thy teates are better thē wyne/ and thy wysdome better then all ryches/ so that nothynge can be compared vnto it/ for it is to men an infynite treasure whiche they that vse are made pertetakers of the frēdshyp of god: therfore yf thou make me a chylde/ thē shalt thou stablysshe thy prayse in my mouth. for then shalte ỹ open my lyppes/ & my mouth shall shewe forth thy prayse/ & shal pfeytly declare it euē as thou hast publysshed it by ỹ mouth of thyne infantes & suckelinges. Yf thou hadst desyred sacrifyces I had surely offered them/ but thou delyghtedst not in brente sacrifyces.

¶ My mouth Lorde shall shewe forth thy glaryous fame/ for I knowe ỹ this thyng is moste accebtable vnto the syth thou sayest by ỹ Prophet Psal. xlix. that sacrifyce of prayse shal glarifye me/ & by that meanes shal I be entised to shew hym my sauyng helth/ therfore wyll I offer prayse vnto the euen ỹ prayse of infauntes & suckelynges for my synnes. And why shall I offer for my synnes rather prayse thē sacrifyce? for yf thou haddest desyred sacrifyces I had surely offred them/ but ỹ delyghtest not in brēte

sacrifi

sacrifyces/canst thou be pacefyed with ye blou-
de of calues or gootes? Wylt thou eate the
flesshe of bulles or drynke the blonde of goot?
Other dost thou desyre golde which possessest
heuen & earthe? other wylt thou that I sacry
fyce my body vnto the whiche desyrest not the
deathe of a synner/but rather that he were cō
uerted and lyue? Neuertheleſſe I wyll chasten
my flesshe in a measure that through thy grace
it maye be subdued vnto reason & obey it/ for
in this poynt also yf I passe measure & brynge
my body so lowe that it is vnapte to serue my
neyghboure/ & to do that offyce whiche is a-
poynted me of God/ it shall be imputed vnto
me for synne. Let your seruynge of God be re-
sonable/ sayth the Apostle Ro. xij. And thou
haste sayde also by ye prophete: I requyre mer-
cy & no sacrifice. Osee. vi. Therfore shall my
mouthe shewe forth thy prayse/ for this obla-
cyon doth honour the/ & sheweth vs the way
vnto thy sauyng helth. My herte is ready\ o
god/my hert is ready/ it is ready through thy
grace to do all thyngs whiche are plesaunt vn
to the: this one thynge haue I founde most ac
ceptable vnto the/ that wyll I offer vnto the/
that shall euer be in my herte/ on that shal my
lyppes euer be harpynge/ yf thou haddest desy
red a bodely sacrifice/ I wolde surely haue ge
uen

uē it the/ for my herte is readye through thy grace to fulfyll thy wyll: but in suche brente sacrifyce haste ꝑ no delyght/ thou madest the body for ꝑ spirit/ therfore seakest thou spirituall thynges & not bodelye/ for thou sayste in a certeyne place Prouer. xxiij. My sonne geue thine herte vnto me/ this is ꝑ herte ꝑ pleaseth ꝑ. Let vs offer vnto ꝑ an herte repētyng wt sorow of our synnes/ & enflamed with ꝑ loue of heuēlye thinges: & then wilte thou desyre no more/ for with suche a sacrifyce wylt ꝑ be content.

A sacrifyce to god is a broken spyrite, a contryte and humble hert thou shalte not despyse oh god.

A broken spyrite & not broken flesshe pleaseth the/ o Lorde/ for ꝑ flesshe is broken & vered because he hath not the carnall thynges that he desyreth / or els fraleth in hym selfe suche thynges as he hateth. But the spyrite is broken & vnquered for his faute/ because he hath offended agaynst god whom he loueth. He sorroweth ꝑ he hathe synned agaynst his maker & redemer / that he hath despysed his blonde/ that he hathe not regarded suche a good and louynge father: this broke & sorowynge spyrite is vnto the a sacrifyce of most swete sauoure/ whiche notwithstondyng hathe his cōfeccyon of most bytter spyces/ euē of ꝑ remēbraunce of our synnes for whiles our sinnes are gathered

togyther in to the morter of the herte/ & beate
with the pestle of conpunccyon / & made in to
poudre & watered with teares/therof is made
an oyntemente & sacrifyce most swete which re
dolent offrynge ỹ wylt not despyse/ for ỹ wylt
not despyse a cõtryte & humble herte. Therfo
re he that breaketh his stonye herte which is
made with the most harde stones of sinne/ ỹ he
maye therof prepare an oyntmente of repen-
taunce in aboundaũce of teares/not despayrin
ge of the multitude & greuousnes of his synnes
but humblye offerynge this sacrifyce vnto the
he shall in no wyse be despysed of the/for a bro
ken & humble hert wylt ỹ not despise oh god.
Marye Magdalyn whiche was a notable syn
ner made suche an oyntment: & put it in ỹ alla-
blaster boxe of her herte: she feared not to en-
tre in to ỹ Phareses house/ she humbled her
selfe flatte before thy fete / she was not a sha-
med to wepe at thy meletyde / she coulde not
speake for inwarde sorowe/but her herte mel-
ted in to teares with ỹ whiche she washed thy
fete / she wyppyd them with her here immediat
lye/ye & anoynted theym w̃ oyntment & ceased
not kyssynge them. Who euer sawe suche a
nother thyng:ye or who hath euer herde of a
thynge lyke vnto this? Surely her sacrifyce
pleased the wel/ & was so acceptable that ỹ pre
farr-

farredst it aboue ẏ Pharise/ which in his owne syght was ryghtwyse/ for it may be gathered of thy wordes Luce.vij. that there was so moch difference betwen ẏ rightwysnes of marye & the pharesee as there was difference betwene these: to washe ẏ fete with water/ & to washe them with teares: to kysse one on ẏ face & not to cease to kysse the fete: to anoynt ẏ hed with olye/ & to anoynt the fete with most precyous oyntment: ye moche more precelled she ẏ pharesee/ for he neither gaue ẏ water/ kysse/ nor oyle. O grete is thy power Lorde/ grete is thy myght/ which declareth it selfe most chee flye in sparynge & hauynge compassion. Now se I well that a contryte & meke herte ẏ shalt not despyse oh Lord. And therfore endeuoure I my selfe to offre suche an herte vnto the. Nether is it ynough that I say so outwardely/ for thou arte a god whiche searchest our hertes & raynes. Accepte therfore this my sacrifyce: & if it be vnperfyte/ amẽde thou ẏ defaulte which onely arte of power that to do: that it may be a brent sacrifyce/ al hole enflamed with ẏ heate of thy bounteous cheryte/ ẏ it may be acceptable vnto ẏ/ or at the leest that thou despise it not/ for yf thou despyse it not/ I know wel ẏ I shal fynde fauour before ẏ/ & then shal none of thy saintes other in heauẽ or erthe despise me.

Deale gentlye of thy fauourable beneuolence with Syon, Let the walles of Hierusalem be bylte agayne.

¶ Be cause it is wretē Psal. xviij. vnto ẏ holy man thou shalte be holy / & with the innocen shalte thou deale innocenlye / with the pure & chosen shalte thou doo purelye / & with ẏ wycked shalt thou playe ouertwarte: I am verye desyrous ẏ all men were saued / & that they shol de come vnto the knowlege of ẏ truth: which thynge were very necessarye for thē / & also for my profyte / for by theyr prayers / exortacyōs / & examples I myght ryse frō this fylthye synne & be prouoked daylye to procede vnto better. I beseche the therfore / oh Lorde / al thoughe I be a synner / that thou of thy fauourable beneuolence woldest deale gentlye with syon: that the walles of Hierusalē myght be bylt agayn. Syon is thy chyrch / for syon by interpretacyō signifyeth a tootehyll or a place where a man may se farre aboute him. And euen so thy chyrche thrughe ẏ grace of ẏ holy ghost beholdeth a farre of ẏ glorye of god accordyng to ẏ capacyte of this lyfe: & therfore sayed ẏ apostle. ij. Corin. iij. all we wan vncouered face beholdyng as in a glasse ẏ glorye of ẏ lorde / after the same ymage ar transformed from glorye to glorye / as by the sprete of the lorde.

Lorde

O Lorde god howe small is thy Churche at this daye? almost the hole worlde is fallē frome the/for there are manye mo mysteauntes then chrystē/& yet amonge the chrystē how many are there which forsake worldly thynges & seke the glorye of the lorde? surely ye shall fynde very fewe/in comparyson of theym which are addycte to worldye thynges/whose god is theyr belye & glorye to theyr shame & cōfusion.

Deale gentlye Lorde of thy fauourable beneuolence with Syon/that it may be encreased bothe in multytude & also in good liuyng. Beholde frome heauē & deale gentlye as thou arte wonte to do: that thou wylt sende amonge vs the fyer of thy charyte/whiche maye cōsume all our synnes. Deale Lorde accordynge to thy fauourable beneuolence/& do not with vs after our deserueynge/nether yelde thou vs agayne accordynge to our iniquytyes/but ordre vs accordynge to thy greate mercye.

Thou art Lorde our father & redemer/thou art our hope and euerlastynge helthe. Euery man desyreth goodnes of the/yf thou geue it them/then shall they gather it: yf thou open thy hande/all shall be fylled with plenty: when thou turnest awaye thy face/ten are they astonyed: when thou gatherest in theyr breth/ then are they dead and returne in to erthe.

And agayne when ẏ brethedst on them/ then are they created anew: & thus renuest thou ẏ face of the earth. Pal.c.iiij. Lorde I praye the what profyt is there in ẏ dampnacyō of so many thousande men? Hell is fylled & thy church doth dayly decrease. Aryse Lorde/ why slepest thou so longe? aryse/ & dyffer not vnto ẏ ende. Deale gently of thy fauourable beneuolēce w̄ Syō/ that the walles of Jerusalē may be buylded agayne/ what is Jerusalē (whiche by interpretacyon signifyeth the visyon of peace) but ẏ holye cōgregacyon & cytye of the blessed whiche is our mother? Her walles were decayed whē Lucyfer with his aungels fell/ in to whose places are ẏ ryghtwyse men receyued. Deale therfore gently (oh Lorde) with Syon/ that the numbre of thy chosen may shortlye be fulfylled/ & that ẏ walles of Jerusalē may be edefyed & fynisshed with newe stones whiche shal euer prayse the & endure euerlastynglye.

Then shalte thou accepte the sacrifyce of ryghtwysnes, oblacyons & brente offerynges, thē shall they laye vpon thyne altare wanton calues.

¶ When thou haste delt gentlye of thy fauourable wyll & beueuolence w̄ Syon/ then shalte thou accepte ẏ sacrifyce of ryghtwysnes/ for ẏ shalte consume it with burnyng fyer of thy loue & charite/ & so acceptedst thou the sacrifices

of Moy

of Moyses & Helyas. And then acceptest thou
the sacrifyces of ryghtwysnes/when thou fatte-
nest with thy grace the soules whiche endeuo
ure them selues to lyue ryghtwysly. what pro
fyteth to offer sacrifyces vnto the when thou
acceptest them not oh Lorde? howe manye sa
crifyces offer we nowe a dayes which are not
pleasaunt vnto the/but rather abhompnable?
for we offre not the sacrifyces of ryghtwisnes
but oure owne ceremonyes: and therfore are
they not accepted/nor regarded of the. Wher
is nowe the glorie of the Apostles? where is the va
lyaunt perseuerauuce of martyrs? where is the
frute of preachers? wher is that holye sympli
cyte of them that vsed to lyue solitarye? wher
are nowe the vertues & workes of the chrysten
whiche were in olde tyme? Then shalt thou
excepte theyr sacrifyces\whē thou shalt decke
& garnysshe them with thy grace & vertues.

¶ Also yf thou deale gently with Syon of thy
fauourable beneuolence/then shalte thou de-
lyght in sacrifyces of rightwisnes/for the people
shal begynne to lyue wel/to kepe thy cōmaun
dementes/& to deale iustlye/& so shall thy peo
ple be endued with thy benefytes & blessynge.
Then shall the oblacyons of the preestes & of the
clargie be acceptable vnto the/for they shal for
sake they carnall affeccion & endeuoure them

felues vnto a more perfeyte lyfe/ & so shall the oyntment of thy blyssinge descende vpon their heades. Then shal ẏ brente offerynges of the religyous be pleasaunte to the / for they shall cast out all drousye sluggyshnes & false confydē ce/ & be hooly enflamed & made perfayte with the burnyng fyer of goddes loue. Then shall ẏ bysshoppes & preachers put calues vpon thyn altare/ for after they ar cōsummate in all kynd of vertue/ & replenysshed with thy holy spirite: thei shal not feare to geue theyr lyues for their sheepe. What is thyne altare swete Iesu/ but thy crosse/ where vpon ẏ wast offered? What signifyeth a wantō calfe/ but our bodye? Ther fore/ thē shall they put calues on thyne altare when they shall offer theyr owne bodyes vnto the crosse that is/ vnto all afflyccions/ & euen vnto the verye deathe for thy names sake.

¶ Then shall the chyrche floryshe and dylate her coostes/ thē shall thy prayse be noysed frō the laste ende of the worlde / then shall ioye & gladnes fulfyll the hole worlde. Then shall thy sayntes reioyce in glorye & shall make myrthe in theyr mancyons waytinge for vs in the londe of ẏ lyuynge. Accomplyshe in me euen nowe Lorde that/ then/ whiche I so ofte name that thou mayste haue cōpassion on me accordyng to thy greatmercy/ ẏ thou mayst receyue

me

me for a sacrifyce of ryghtwysnes/ for a holy
oblacyon/for a brente sacrifyce of good lyuyn-
ge/& for a calfe to be offered on thyne altare or
crosse/by the which I maye passe from this
vale of myserye vnto that ioye whiche
ỹ hast prepared for them that loue ỹ.
A M E N.

¶ A deuout short prayer to Jesus.

JEsu Lord that made ſt me
And with blessed blood hast me bought
Forgyue that I haue greued the
With word & wyll and also with thought
Jesu in whomme is all my trust
That dyedest vpon the rood tre
With draw my from fulthy lust
And from all worldly vanyte
Jesu for thy wordis smart
On thy fete and hondis two
Make me mehe and low of hart
And the to loue as I shold do
Jesu for that bytter wound
That went vnto thy hart root
For syn that hath myn hart bound
Thy blood therto be my boot
Jesu Cryst vnto the I call
That art god full of myght
Kepe me clene that I do not fall
In dedly syn both day and nyght. Amen.

The Paternoster/ spoke of the Synner\ God answerynge hym at euery peticyon.

¶ The synner.

Oure father whiche arte in heuen/ what a great space is betwene the & vs? howe therfore shall we thy children here on erthe/ banished & exyled from the in this vale of mysery & wretchednesse / come home to the into our naturall countrey. ¶ God

¶ The chylde honoureth his father & the seruaũt his maister. If I be your father/ wher is myne honour? If I be your lorde/ where is my feare? Malachias. i. For my name thorowe you and by your meanes is blasphemed/ rayled vpon/ and euyll spoken of. Esaias. lij.

¶ The synner.

¶ Helas o father that is truth/ we knowlege our synnes & trespace/ neuertheless yet be thou a mercifull father/ & dele nat with vs accordinge to our descrypynges/ neither iuge vs by the rygorousnesse of thy lawe/ but gyue vs grace þ we maye so lyue/ that thy holy name maye be halowed & sanctifyed in vs. And kepe oure hertes that we neither do nor speake/ no that we nat ones thinke our purpose any thynge/ but that whiche is to thine honour & prayse/ & aboue

aboue all thynges make thy name & honour to be sought of vs/ & nat our own name & vaine glorie. and of thy myghty power bringe to passe in vs that we maye loue and feare the/ as a sonne his father. ¶ God

¶ How can myne honour & name be halowed amonge you/ whan your hertes & thoughtes are all wayes enclyned to euyll/ and ye in bondage and captiuyte vnder synne: moreouer seynge that no man can synge my laude & prayse in a straunge countrey. Psal. cxxxvi.

¶ The synner.

¶ O father that is truthe/ we tele our membres/ ye/ & also the very hertes of vs prone & redy to synne/ & that the worlde/ the flesshe/ & the deuyll/ rule in vs & expell the dewe honoure of thyne holye name. wherfore we be seche the moste mercifull father/ for the loue that ẏ hast vnto thy sonne Chryste/ helpe vs out of this miserable bondage/ & let thy kyngdome come to dryue out the synne/ to lose the bondes of Sathan\ to tame the flessh/ to make vs ryghtuouse & parfeyte/ & to cleue vnto ẏ that thou only maiste raygne in vs/ & that we may be thy kyngdome & possession/ & the obey with all our power & strength/ bothe within and without. ¶ God

¶ Whom I helpe/ them I distroye. And whō

I ma

I make lyuynge/safe/riche/and good: them I kyll/condempne/and cast them awaye/ make theym beggers/ & brynhe thē to nought. But so to be cured of me ye wyll nat suffre. Psalm. lxxvii. Howe than shall I hele you/ye/& what can I do more? Esaias. v. ¶ The synner.

¶ That is to vs great sorow and grefe/that we can neither vnderstande nor suffre thy holsom hande/wherfore helpe dere father/ open our eyes/& worke pacience in vs/that we may vnderstande thy holesom hande/ & also paciently suffre thy godly wyll to be fulfylled in vs. Furthermore/though thy most holesome cure be neuer so paynfull vnto vs/yet go forwarde therwith/punysshe/bete/cutte/ burne/dystroy/bringe to nought dāpne/cast downe vnto hell/& do what so euer ẏ wylt that thy wyl onely may be fulfylled & nat ours. Forbydde dere father/and in no wyse suffer vs to folow our owne good thoughtes & ymagynacions/ neither to prosecute our owne wyll/meaning & purpose. For thy wyll & ours ar clene contrary one to the other/thyne only good/though it otherwyse appere vnto our blynde reason & our euyll/ though our blyndnesse se it uat.

¶ God.

¶ I am well serued & delte with all that men loue me with theyr lyppes/& theyr hertes are far-

farre fro me/ & whan I take them in hande to make thē better & to amende them/ thā ronne they bakwarde/ & in the middes of their cure while their helth is a workyng/ they withdraw them selues fro me/ as ỹ redest Psal. lxxviij Conuersi sunt in die belli. They ar tourned backe in ỹ daye of battayle. That is to saye/ they which began well/ & cōmitted thē selues vnto me/ ỹ I shulde take them in hande & cure thē/ are gone backe fro me in tyme of temptacyō/ & kyllyng of ỹ flesshe/ & are retourned to synne & vnto dishonouryng of me agayn. ¶ The synner

¶ O father it is true/ no man can be stronge in his owne strenght/ in the. ij. chappter of the first of the kynges. ye/ & who is able to suffre & a byde before thyne hande/ yf thou thy selfe strength & conforte vs nat: wherfore most mercyfull father take vs vnto thy cure\ fulfyll thy wyll in vs/ that we may be thy kyngdome & inherytaunce vnto thy laude & prayse ynge.

Also dere father/ strength & confort vs in such busynes with thy holy worde. Gyue vs oure dayly bred/ graue & prynte thy dere sone Jesus in our hertes/ that we stregthed thorow hym maye cherefully/ and gladly suffer and endure the distropenge and kyllynge of our wyll/ and the fulfyllyng of thy wyll/ ye/ & shede out thy grace vpon all chrystente/ and sende lerned

pre-

prestes & preachers to teach vs thy sonne Iesus purely/ & to fede vs with the worde of thy holy gospell/ & nat with the dregges & chaffe of fables & mens doctryne. ¶ God.

¶ It is nat good to cast peries before swyne neyther to gyue holy thynges/ & the chyldrens bred vnto the dogges & houndes. ye synne contynually without ceassyng/ & though I let my worde be preached amõge you neuer so moch/ yet ye folow nat neither obey/ but dispyse it.

¶ The synner.

¶ O father haue mercy on vs/ and denye vs nat that breed of loue/ it greueth vs sore/ euẽ at the very herte rotes of vs/ that we can nat satisfye thy worde & folowe it. We desyre the therfore to haue pacyence with vs thy poore & wretched chyldrẽ/ & to forgyue vs our trespace and gyle/ & iuge vs nat after thy lawe/ for no man is ryghtuouse in thy presence. Loke on thy promyses/ we forgyue oure trespacers/ & that with all our hertes/ and vnto suche hast thou promysed forgyuenes/ nat that we thorowe such forgyuenesse ar worthy of thy forgyuenesse/ but that thou arte trewe/ & of thy grace & mercy hast promysed forgynes vnto all them that forgyue theyr neyghbours/ in this thy promyse therfore is all our hope & truste.

¶ God

I for-

¶ I forgyue you ofte/and loose you ofte/& ye neuer abyde stedfaste/chyldren of lytle fayth are ye/ye can nat watche & endure with me a lytle whyle/but attones fall agayne into temptation. Math. in the .xxvi. chapter.

¶ The synner.

¶ Weake are we o father/& feble/& the temptacyon great and manyfolde in the flesh & in the worlde. Helpe vs father with thy mightye power/& let vs nat fall in to temptacyon and synne agayne: but gyue vs grace that we maye abyde standyng/& fyght manfully vnto ỹ ende for without thy grace we can do nothynge.

¶ God.

¶ I am ryghtuous & ryght is my iudgemēt/ and therfore synne may nat be vnpunisshed/ye and ye must suffre euyll & affliccyon/& as touchynge that ye haue temptacyon therby/that is your synnes saute only/whiche compelleth me ther vnto/to hyll it & to heale you. For synne can wyth none other medicyne be drawen out of you/but thorowe aduersyte & suffrynge of euyll. ¶ The synner.

¶ For as moch than as aduersyte/trybulacyon/affliccion & euyll/whiche fyghte agaynst synne/gyue vs temptacyon/deliuer vs out of theim/fynisshe thy cure/& make vs thorow hole/that we loked from synne & euyll/maye be

vnto

vnto the a kyngdome/to laude/to prayse/ & to sanctify the. Amen.

¶ And seynge thou hast taught vs thus to praye/ & hast promysed also to here vs/ we hope & are sure that ỹ wylt graciously & mercifully graunte vs our peticyons for thy verites sake/ & to ỹ honourynge of thy truth. Amen.

¶ Fynally some man wyl saye happely/ what & yf I can nat beleue that my prayer is herde. I answere. Than do as the father of ỹ possessed dyd in ỹ. ix. of Mark. whan Christ sayd vnto hym. If thou couldest beleue/ all thynges are possyble vnto hym that beleueth. The father answered: I beleue lorde helpe myne vnbelefe That is to say: hele myne vnbelefe/ & gyue me perfyte belefe/ & strength the weaknesse of my fayth & encrease it. A M E N.

¶ A prayer for the Kynge, and the quene.

O lord god which art ỹ very hye imperiall protector of al cristen realmys I humbly beseche the of thy pytefull mercy to enlumyne our kyng N & his counsell/ with thy most holy spyrit of grace/ sapice/ & of vnderstōding: & to pserue hi therin & his quene wt their succession: & also lord/ to pserue both hi/ & vs: trough thy incōperable puyd̄s tryūphātly to ouer come theyr enymes ghostly & carnall/ so ỹ they may by the: execute iustyce: & maitene ỹ truth: whi che art lord god our dayly food & cōforte. Am̄.